the Sower ctc

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Marxhausen Chapel Commemorates Dr. Mueller

SERVICE FOR THE MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

INSPIRATION IN MY PERSONAL LIFE.

Our service of celebration and joy today is a remembering moment for Dr. Walter Mueller who died in March 1971. I promised Laura that I would design something for the campus in his memory, and this conceptural happening is the result.

Going thru little rituals in life is a way of carrying on a tradition or a way of remembering something or someone. This remembering can be an act or rite, or this remembering can be embodied in an object of some kind. We are all familiar with the memorial objects which are purchased and used as part of worship in our churches and schools. Some of these objects are useful, some are not. Some are plaques and some statues. Some memorials are massive like the pyramids, some images have been carved out of uncarvable stone, and the Taj Mahal is an indescribable visual statement of love. Many symbols for remembering or doing are simple and make use of nature and natural forms. Noah built an altar of stone to thank God, God sent a rainbow in response. Jacob set up a pillar of stone where he talked with God. Samuel took a stone, set it between Mispeth and Shen and called it Ebenezer.

Jesus wanted to be remembered and He used some very ordinary and handy things such as bread and wine.

Do we need to be remembered?

Are we worth remembering?

Isn't the life we live, enough?

It is possible that the Gospel would be with us today, even if the host of potential witnesses would have been silent. The Word works. It is possible to "be yourself" and to operate as a single person, but if the full meaning of the Church has any validity at all, it also includes the concept that Christianity is not a solitary religion. We serve the Lord Jesus Christ, but we also serve and uphold each other so that our lives can be enriched in fellowship. Even when we are no longer here, there can be a remembering that is worth remembering. Some lives become embedded in other lives. Some lives will be remembered as models to follow.

No one lives in this world beyond his life except he lives in others.

For the young who are bored and apathetic today, may I prescribe the life of brother Walt, as a beautiful model to follow.

He was humble, sincere, and helpful. He was faithful and forgiving. His creativity found expression in many art forms such as the writing of poems, songs, and plays.

He was sensitive to his environment. He loved life and enjoyed his work. Walt lived in the world of the Spirit. He as a free spirit who welcomed and initiated change. His easy, swinging, non-ridged gait was unmistakable from a distance as he moved with his head up and in the Nebraska sky. He stood in constant awe and wonderment of his universe. How he envied the birds who become strong and important images in his writings. He saw the everyday world in an extraordinary way and each day was a new adventure. He saw meaning and the Hand of God in everything that happened. He responded to the work of the Holy Spirit as it moved and directed his life.

He had a curiosity about life. He had an unshakable faith in his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and the Christian commitment. But that did not prevent him from asking the unanswerable questions about life that plague us even today. To ask questions is not a sign of unfaith. The dangerous people who have walked this earth have been the ones who think they have all the answers to life and then try to impose that upon others thru coercion or force. To have faith and still be free to ask the questions is part of Christian education and can live side by side . . . and even add new dimensions and newness to the sometimes unyielding drab life we live out where we happen to be.

The arts could have died in Nebraska had it not been for prophets such as brother Walt who planted the seeds so that the arts can survive and grow here in the subborn cultural sod. Is success to be measured by the number of poems published or written or the pictures painted? No, success is the freedom of becoming more than one had ever hoped for. My vegetation and eventual artistic death could have happened right here when I came to Nebraska. Walt saved my life.

When things went smoothly, and the classes were humming, and Seward living was comfortable, Walt would have the ability of asking the hard questions which tore off and destroyed masks, and made into shambles my stereotypes, my cliches, and my easy answers. Stripped! Stripped but not destroyed. Stripped so that you can once again find yourself. Stripped so that you can become a new person.

His curiosity and acceptance of life are exemplified in my last conversation with him. He knew he would be undergoing serious surgery. He drove past the house, stopped his car in the middle of Columbia Avenue—stopped all the traffic—while he explained to me in the most excitable tone of voice and hand gesture, all the interesting things he had learned about heart operations. He shook my hand to say goodby, he drove off and I never saw him again.

We had a conversation which lasted 20 years and we never wasted time saying things like "how are you, I am fine". No matter where we were, the questions about life and the apparent absurdity of it all constantly went on and insights were always shared. I am jealous of Walt. He now knows all the answers. We can continue to ask the questions.

Praise God for Walt. He is part of the spirit of CTC and Seward.

THE CHUNK OF NEBRASKA SKY.

From this time on, may it be known that the chunk of Nebraska sky over the mall, from the music building to Founder, from the science building to Link Library, from the ground to God, be a remembering space in honor of brother Walt.

(release some balloons)

This space will change from day to day. There will be clouds in it, and the birds will race thru. There will be thunder and lightning, and rain and hail. Sometimes the clouds will be black and sometimes they will be white . . . and fluffy. The sky may be blue or purple, or red, or orange or pink or white and never be the same from day to day. There may be a sleet storm and we may have to run thru in a hurry and not have a chance to look up. And when the big black funnel cloud comes roaring thru like a huge vacuum, be careful and prayerful. There will be sunshine and warmth and slow walking. And some days it will be so nice one can just stay a long time.

The everlasting Nebraska wind will always be in it, scattering the leaves to another place. The gleeful snow will slowly shuffle on down like manna, or it will come whistling thru here with enough energy and sting to kill a person. (release balloons)

The kites and balloons will be welcome to play with the butterflies and the insects who will need it also.

May this space never be violated by bombs dropped in fear, or bricks hurled in hate. May it be as free from pollution as possible.

Two things I will promise you about this space.

One

This space will NEVER be the same from day to day. It will always be different in some small or even drastic way. It will be interesting to see and sense this difference as we use it each day.

Two

One thing will NEVER change in this space. The light of the sun will always be in it . . . every day. Sometimes you will not see it. It may be over the haze or clouds, but it will always be there.

The sun will mean the changelessness of the Gospel. We will never know the weather report of our lives and what can happen to change it in a hurry like the weather of Nebraska. But the love of God, the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit will always be there for us to have, to hold for comfort and for salvation.

THIS IS —
A Space For Remembering
DR. WALT MUELLER
THE MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.
R. Marxhausen

Revised Scripture Published

by Ted Simmons

Rheinhold Publishing Company has just come out with its *Newly Revised Version* of the Scriptures, and in this reviewer's opinion it is the ultimate in critical work. I am sure it will be received warmly at CTC, and many of the members of the campus community will rush out to buy it.

So if one numbers oneself among the left wing of the Lutheran church one may remove the passages referring to miracles since they are only illusions such as may be caused to happen by any other common magician. Or one may remove the fairy tale of Jonah. Furthermore, with this bible all references to grace can be exeunt in favor of your work righteous friends.

Or if you are more fundamentally bent all the passages which God does not speak in can be detached. In this way all the epistles can be removed. For that matter all the Gospel may go. All in all, fundamentalists may have the joy of cutting the Word in half.

Or if you are pure minded Christ can be made into the true god that he is. Jesus will not weep over Jerusalem, drink all the wine at Cana, or even growl at the money-changers.

But perhaps the most estatic news is still in the future. A company official confirmed the rumor that Rheinhold will soon come out with popular perversions to be added at ones pleasure. This should make the N.R.V. complete.